

THE ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XXIII

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1916.

NO. 1

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CITY BOARD OF TRUSTEES

The city board of trustees met in adjourned session in the city hall last Monday evening.

Trustee Cunningham acted as chairman pro tem in the absence of President Holston, owing to illness.

Class A liquor licenses were granted to the following: George Wallace, F. Vieira, R. E. Setter, L. Bortoli, Scampini, J. Bianchi, Ghilardi & Molini, George Walthers, Donolo Maini and C. Peter Regli.

A resolution rejecting all bids for constructing oiled macadam streets, stone sidewalks, curbs and laying lateral sewers in tract of land near Baden station was adopted, and Clerk Smith directed to prepare plans and specifications for the entrance to the city hall and publish a notice to bidders in The Enterprise two times.

The board directed the clerk to notify automobile dealers in San Francisco that this city desires to purchase an auto truck for the use of the fire department, and that they bring their machines to this city where they can be tested for strength and speed over local streets.

Claims against the city were approved and ordered paid.

IN MEMORIAM.

Whereas, It has pleased the Great Spirit in His infinite wisdom to call from this vale of tears into the Great Unknown the spirit of Edith Cornelia Powers, beloved daughter of our brother, Allan R. Powers; and

Whereas, We most reverently bow to the decree of the Great Spirit; be it Resolved, That the members of Tippecanoe Tribe, No. 111, I. O. R. M., do hereby extend to Brother Powers and family our sincere sympathy in this their sad hour; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, under seal of the tribe, be sent to the family of the deceased, and a copy sent to The Enterprise for publication.

Attested by the sachem and chief of records.

[Seal] Martin Hyland, Sachem.
Daniel Hyland, C. of R.

Whereas, As Divine Providence has called from our midst Edith Cornelia Power, the daughter of Brother Allan R. Powers and wife, and as Brother Powers has ever been a true and loyal Moose, be it

Resolved, That South San Francisco Lodge, No. 832, hereby extends to our Brother and Mrs. Powers our heartfelt sympathy in their hour of sorrow and bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes, a copy sent to Brother and Mrs. Powers

INSTALLATION OF PENINSULA MASON'S A GREAT EVENT

One of the largest events in Masonic history in San Mateo county took place at the Masonic Hall in San Mateo, when five lodges of the thirty-sixth Masonic district were installed by the grand master of the state, Judge Albert G. Burnett of Sacramento, assisted by the grand lecturer, Thomas J. Baker of San Francisco. The five lodges installed were Redwood No. 68, San Mateo No. 226, Francis Drake No. 376, Burlingame No. 400 and Crocker No. 454. Splendid musical numbers by members of the California quartet of San Francisco were rendered during the ceremony of installation, as well as instrumental solos.

After the installation those present enjoyed an excellent banquet, as well as addresses by several speakers and music and recitations.

The thirty-sixth Masonic district comprises the whole of San Mateo county and Palo Alto and Mountain View in Santa Clara county, seven in all, and rated as one of the best districts in California.

The officers-elect of Francis Drake Lodge, No. 376, of this city are: J. G. Walker, worshipful master; G. A. Kneese, senior warden; J. A. Riordan, junior warden; F. A. Cunningham, treasurer; H. F. Mingleford, secretary; H. L. Holston, senior deacon; A. S. Lockhart, junior deacon; R. W. Burge and B. Taylor, stewards; A. E. Kauffmann, tyler; W. W. McDonald, marshal.

LIND'S MARKET MADE FINE HOLIDAY DISPLAY

Lind's market on Grand avenue made a fine display during the holiday season of choice meats, especially of that of selected beef from Hereford heifers, sixteen months old, which the Western Meat Company received prize blue ribbons for from the Panama-Pacific Exposition on car lots of cattle. Those who wish for choice meats of every description should call on "Colonel Pete," who will fill their wants. He has a modern plant and his meats are always in prime condition.

WOMAN'S CLUB.

At the next meeting of the Woman's Club in Lodge Hall next Thursday afternoon, January 6th, Mrs. Alice De Witt Weston of the Girls' Friendly Society in America will appear and make an interesting address to the members of the club. All members are urged to be present with their friends. The meeting should be a successful one.

and a copy sent to The Enterprise for publication. Committee.
[Seal] By C. J. Hyde, Dictator.
H. Veit, Secretary.

\$1,101,342.00 PAY ROLL OF THIS CITY FOR 1915

Eight and One-Half Miles of Paving and Twenty Miles of Artificial Stone Sidewalks Completed.

South San Francisco is progressing rapidly and will soon become a city of considerable importance.

The government census of 1910 gave this city a population of 1989. The estimated population to-day is safely 4000.

This is conservatively shown by the great number of additional men employed in the factory district and many new homes erected during 1915.

The pay roll of this industrial city during 1915 amounted to \$1,101,342.00, with prospects of a greater increase during 1916.

In November, 1914, the new Royal Theatre building, owned by Morton & Eschelbach, was completed.

In December, 1914, the modern Metropolitan Hotel building at the corner of Grand and Linden avenues was opened for business.

In April, 1915, the modern brick postoffice building on Linden avenue was completed.

The modern concrete and brick Galli building on Grand avenue was completed.

The \$10,000 Carnegie free library building on Grand avenue is practically completed.

December 31, 1915, saw the Carmody \$10,000 reinforced concrete and brick modern business and apartment building on Linden avenue rapidly approaching completion.

The deep-water harbor canal and ferry slip have been completed, and several acres of new land for factory sites have been made from the mud dredged from the improved harbor.

The W. P. Fuller Company paint plant has been materially enlarged.

The Pacific Coast Steel Company has enlarged its steel plant, thereby increasing its output.

The new Barium plant is to double its capacity.

City Engineer George A. Kneese reports there are completed at the present time eight and one-half miles of asphalt paved streets and twenty miles of artificial stone sidewalks in this city.

The cost of sewer and street improvements during 1915 amounts to the following: Storm sewer No. 2 (Magnolia avenue), \$3180.63; storm sewer No. 3 (Orange avenue), \$6065.41; grading, \$3124.80; curbing (concrete), \$1063.14; gutters (concrete), \$872.32; sidewalks (concrete), \$1978.67; curb guards, \$31.50; total, \$16,316.47.

The street work that is now going on in this city will be included in the 1916 list, which amounts approximately to \$26,000.

Appropriations have been made for extensive improvements at the Western Meat Company, among which are the building of a large five-story reinforced concrete cold storage building and a large wool warehouse.

The wool warehouse is the result of the formation of a new company, which is being organized for the purpose of storing fleeced wools from the interior of the state, as well as

loaning money on the wools and assisting in the marketing of same.

In addition to the above, extensive improvements are also being added to the main plant, proper, of the Western Meat Company.

The taxpayers of this city have the reputation of being very prompt in the payment of city and county taxes.

The local churches contemplate extensive improvements to their property this year.

F. A. Cunningham has let a contract with R. C. Stickle of San Bruno for the erection of a reinforced concrete garage, to be located on the northwest corner of Commercial and Linden avenues. The building will be fifty feet on Commercial avenue and ninety feet on Linden avenue. The garage will have a concrete floor, with workshop and modern conveniences, such as compressed air, gas, oil tanks, etc. The property has been leased to W. C. Wickwire and William Riley of San Francisco for a period of five years. This garage will be ready for occupancy about March 1st next. As it will be the only garage from Eleventh and Market streets, San Francisco, to San Bruno on the bay shore boulevard, it should do a good business from the start. The lessees come to this city well recommended and are very enthusiastic about South San Francisco and its future. The building when fully equipped will cost about \$5000.

The merchants of this city had a good business year during 1915, with prospects for a still better one during 1916. They had a brisk holiday business.

The Christmas parcel post business of the South San Francisco postoffice for 1915 was fully three times as much as for any previous year. The entire business of the postoffice shows a material increase over the preceding year.

The location of this city is splendid, its climate salubrious and healthful, with temperature very nearly the same the whole year, neither too cold nor too hot.

There are no better factory site lo-

BAY SHORE BOULEVARD WILL SOON BE USED

City Engineer O'Shaughnessy of San Francisco announced on Thursday that two of the most important units of the new municipal boulevard system are nearing completion.

The Amazon-Crocker cut-off, from Mission road to San Bruno avenue, through the Crocker tract, will be finished within a week. This cut-off runs on a grade of 5 per cent, instead of the 12 per cent grade on the old Mission road route.

Its completion will mark the opening of a new route to this city, which will be between two and three miles shorter than the old Mission road way. Automobiles and vehicles will be enabled to reach South San Francisco in the future via Third street, Kentucky street, Railroad avenue and the new cut-off in a considerably shorter time than has been possible in the past.

RAINFALL IN THIS CITY.

The data of rainfall in this city kept by G. W. Holston, local Southern Pacific agent, for this season to date is as follows:

Date.	
November 8 and 9.....	1.15
November 16.....	.15
December 2.....	1.95
December 3.....	3.00
December 13.....	2.70
December 14.....	1.30
December 17.....	.30
December 28.....	.12

Total for season to date..... 10.57
Total to December 27, 1914... 6.85

LADIES' AID OF M. E. CHURCH FOOD SALE

The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. Church will have a food sale Saturday afternoon, January 8th from 1 to 4 o'clock, in the Metropolitan Hotel building. Home-made cakes, pies, doughnuts, bread and other good things will be supplied for your Sunday dinner.

THANKS EXTENDED.

I wish to extend to the Methodist Sunday school my sincere thanks for the beautiful Christmas presents.

A. A. Whitten, Superintendent.

There are no better efficiency conditions for its workmen anywhere.

There are no better home site locations anywhere either, for that matter.

All hail 1916!

Bank of South San Francisco

South San Francisco, Cal.



WHAT BECOMES OF YOUR SMALL CHANGE?

THIS HOME BANK

WILL START YOU SAVING
AND KEEP YOU, AT IT
FREE

To Our Savings Depositors
Made to Help People Save

"The sure and straight road to independence and success is saving money—and it's the only one. Don't be mistaken about it."

4% — INTEREST — 4%
Compounded Semi-Annually

OPEN AN ACCOUNT NOW
AND SEE HOW GOOD IT
WILL LOOK TO YOU THIS
TIME NEXT YEAR

Do You Want a Home?

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company will build you a house on any lot in South San Francisco, on very easy terms. Select your lot, choose your design and apply at the Company's office, 306 Linden avenue, for full particulars.



WHY NOT HEAT YOUR HOME WITH GAS?

It is a clean, economical and altogether satisfactory method.

No waste, work, worry; no dirt, dust, odor.

"PACIFIC SERVICE" recommends GAS-HEATING.

There are many ways of heating by gas and you may your dealer concerning them, or, if you prefer, come to will be glad to give you our expert advice FREE OF CHARGE.

"PACIFIC SERVICE" IS ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE.

Pacific Gas and Electric

REDWOOD DISTRICT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

"The German Side of the War"

These pictures will be shown at the Royal Theatre on Tuesday evening, January 4th.

The Story of the Films and Their Taking.

The pictures comprising these five reels of sensational war films, depicting the German side of the war, are indicative of the activities of Edwin F. Weigle, Chicago Tribune's staff photographer, on his second trip into the European war zones.

Shortly after Europe burst into flames, figuratively speaking, Mr. Weigle went to Belgium, from where he brought back enough material, in the way of motion pictures, to give to this half of the world a vivid idea of what actually was going on across the water. Weigle's Belgian war pictures caused wide comment.

These new Tribune pictures, however, are even more vivid than those which Mr. Weigle obtained in Belgium. For on this second expedition the photographer knew what condi-

tions were and went fully equipped. In his kit was a specially made war camera, the lens of which was constructed so as to bring events from a distance apparently to the foreground. Experts who have viewed these photographs declare them to be the most authentic and real war films ever taken. They actually bring the war activities of the vast Teuton armies right before your eyes.

Mr. Weigle obtained permission to accompany the Austro-German armies on condition that one-half the proceeds of the films be donated to the blinded and crippled soldiers' fund. He accompanied the mighty Teuton hosts into three distinct war theatres. On the east he went to Poland and Galicia. On the west he accompanied Austrian and German troops to the French border line. On the south he scaled the dizzy heights of the picturesque Tyrolean Alps, where German and Austrian troops were rushed to prevent the invading Italians from gaining foothold in the country.

And then again to crown it all, Hope you'll reach heaven at last.

I. O. F.

(By George W. Hagedorn.)

The holiday spirit was keenly alive at Metropolitan Hall last Tuesday evening, with the hall brightly lit up. It was for kiddies as well as grown ups, who had the time of their lives, and as Charles Dickens reminded us long ago by saying "Christmas is a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time, the merriest of all our festivals," so was it at Court Violet's Christmas tree.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon Miss A. Vandenbos, whose marvelous instrumental selections upon the hap was the grandest ever heard in San Mateo county. The large audience, from the smallest child to the old, gray-haired mother, were breathless as she sat at the instrument. There was a pause, and then a sort of magic came, the master played—and the mind went back to the peaceful valley where the voices sounded forth those age-old songs to be transfigured by a genius mind; that music lived again, infinitely beautified. Mystery, lament, glad, became crystallized in one imperishable beauty of music. For a moment the audience sat breathless, transfixed, bewitched, and then a scene of indescribable emotion, such as has never been seen before in South San Francisco nor in any other city.

Roscoe Corely, accompanied by Miss Vandenbos on the piano, sang a beautiful Christmas carol. The duet by Miss Florence Castro and Miss Marian Fisher was par excellent, and the singing of little baby Dorothy Blanchard was applauded time and again.

Santa Claus next appeared with jingling of bells, accompanied by his two assistants, whose bountiful supply of toys and candies seemed never ending. After supplying the little tots and the larger children, the grown and gray-haired children were invited up and received their presents, after which there was a continual round of pleasure, the children having the floor to themselves, everybody happy to see several hundred children enjoying themselves as well-conducted children know how.

Jean Phillips then entertained the grown folks with several selections on the piano-acordion.

The tree was beautifully decorated. Besides, the various colored electric globes made one believe he was in fairyland.

Public installation of officers of Court Violet, No. 1453, will take place Tuesday evening. The public is invited to attend, and the high court officials of northern California will be present in a body. It is the duty of every Forester and Companion to attend.

Out-of-town visitors are welcome. Several cities on the Peninsula will send visiting members. Bring your friends, and let the public know how the Foresters entertain.

For Sale—Five-room house and lot; price \$750; sold on easy terms. See L. M. Pfuger. Take San Mateo car and get off at San Bruno crossing or phone San Bruno 129. Advt.

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA IS NEWLY DISCOVERED

The year 1915 marks an important epoch in the history of the bay cities and the whole of central California.

It was during this period that the greatest and most costly display of man's creation, in the world's history, was assembled here in universal exposition; and it was during this period that the bay cities and central California were newly discovered by the hosts of visitors who came to enjoy the great exposition.

Before 1915, central California, as a region for pleasure travel and recreation, was unknown to a vast majority of the more than one-half million travelers who came from beyond the mountains to the exposition. To them central California with its cities, its farms and orchards, its big trees, its canyons and its mountains, its seacoast, its lakes and rivers and its temperate, invigorating climate, was a delightful revelation.

These visitors have now returned to their homes, widely scattered over the earth, their minds filled with pleasurable recollections of what they saw and experienced in central California; and around their firesides, during these long wintry evenings, they are telling their friends and neighbors about the delightful days spent in a real pleasure-land—central California.

So it was that the exposition served as the occasion around which effort was made to introduce central California to the pleasure-seeking traveler. That these efforts have been rewarded with a large degree of success is indicated by the large number of out-of-state strangers, approximately 650,000, who are known to have visited this section of the state during the past twelve months.

This is a magnificent beginning of the effort to make central California known to the great traveling public; but it is only a beginning, a forecast, of what can be done in this direction through united, intelligent effort.

In this work of making central California known to the stranger, the Tourist Association of Central California has played an important part. During the past fifteen months it has printed and effectively distributed 350,000 illustrated books giving complete information on trips in central California; maintained an information service at 512 conventions held in the bay district, through which 100,000 persons received information and booklets; maintained an information service at seventy different centers on the exposition grounds, through which another 100,000 persons were given information on central California; planned trips into the surrounding counties for more than 17,500 strangers; met, before they reached San Francisco, seventy-five special trains carrying 7500 persons; supplied, throughout the exposition, a daily program and bulletin of special events at the exposition and in the counties to 325 different centers on the exposition grounds and in the bay cities; maintained offices in San Francisco and Chicago at which nearly 5000 paid personal calls for information on central California; distributed by mail and at conventions 101,000 pieces of county literature and 67,000 pieces of printed matter furnished by hotels and resorts in counties; displayed motion pictures of tourist attractions of the various counties in the California and Illinois state buildings during the exposition, which were seen by more than 24,000 persons.

During these first two years' activity the association has been pioneering, but has shown conclusively that most valuable constructive work for the development and permanent progress of central California can be done along this line.

The 650,000 strangers who came here during the exposition left behind them during their visit at last \$25,000,000. All of this large sum of money has fallen into the pockets of central Californians. This is a concrete demonstration of the cash value of the tourists, and it is the purpose of the tourist association to keep this golden stream pouring into central California; but by far the greater value will accrue through the tourist and his friends eventually returning to become permanent settlers with

the resultant economic development of this section of the state.

The enthusiastic indorsement of the tourist movement recently given at a joint meeting held in San Francisco of the eleven principal civic and business organizations of the city, and the financial support pledged at that meeting makes for permanency of the work and gives assurance that this broad, co-operative movement of the central counties for bringing the tourist into central California is to be perpetuated.

Already the Tourist Association of Central California is making plans for a much broader campaign in 1916. Its work will be carried on largely in the eastern field with offices in New York and Los Angeles, in addition to those already established at San Francisco and Chicago. One of its representatives has recently been placed in Los Angeles for the purpose of organizing its work in southern California.

Through its eastern offices, the association will make greater effort to reach those intending to visit California before they leave home and before their plans and itineraries are fully made. A broad publicity campaign is to be carried on through the daily papers, automobile and farm journals throughout the country. And finally, closer co-operation between the association and the counties, and between the various counties belonging to the association, in the matter of community publicity, is being provided for.

The present is central California's golden opportunity to keep this section of the state permanently on the tourist's map. The great exposition has put it there for the time being; it is up to the people of this section, all joining together in unity of action and intelligent effort, to keep it there.

THE CURIOUS SIDE OF EPITAPHS.

Remarkable sentiments are sometimes found in epitaphs on tombstones. Here are a few, not as familiar, perhaps, as others:

In a Country Churchyard.
Here I lies, and no wonder I'm dead, For the wheel of a wagon went over my head.

In an English Parish.
Here lies me and my three daughters, Brought here by using Cheltenham water.

If we had stuck to Epsom salts, We wouldn't be in these here vaults.

On a Maine Tombstone.
After Life's scarlet fever I sleep well.

A Little Doubtful.
Maria Brown, Wife of Timothy Brown, Aged eighty years. She lived with her husband fifty years and died in the confident hope of a better life.

By a Grateful Family.
Here lies Bernard Lightfoot, Who was accidentally killed in the forty-fifth year of his age. This monument was erected by his grateful family.

FAITH.
(By Anna C. Lynch.)
Securely cabined in the ship below, Through darkness and through storm I cross the sea, A pathless wilderness of waves to me; But yet I do not fear, because I know That He who guides the good ship o'er that waste Sees in the stars her shining pathway traced. Blindfold I walk this life's bewildering maze, Up flinty steep, through frozen mountain pass, Through thorn-set barren and through deep morass, But strong in faith I tread the uneven ways, And bare my head unshrinking to the blast. Because my Father's arm is round me cast, And if the way seems rough, I only clasp The arm that leads me with a firmer grasp.

Without Forethought.
A young actor had pawned a suit and redeemed it later on his way to his home. His mother, while unpacking his trunk, came upon the coat with the tag on it. She inquired: "John, what is this tag doing on your coat?" "Oh," he answered, "I was at a dance, mother, and checked my coat." Soon she came upon the pants also tagged, and with a puzzled look she inquired: "John, what sort of a dance was that?"

POSTOFFICE

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. Sundays, 8 a. m. to 9 a. m. Money order office open from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. Mails leave Postoffice twenty minutes before trains.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES OF MAIL.

Mail arrives—	
From the north at.....	6:47 a. m.
" " " " " " " " " " " "	11:58 a. m.
" " south " " " " " " " "	12:13 p. m.
" " " " " " " " " " " "	2:18 p. m.
" " south " " " " " " " "	3:41 p. m.
" " north " " " " " " " "	4:26 p. m.
Mail leaves—	
For the south at.....	6:47 a. m.
" " north " " " " " " " "	8:04 a. m.
" " " " " " " " " " " "	11:58 a. m.
" " south " " " " " " " "	12:13 p. m.
" " north " " " " " " " "	2:18 p. m.
" " " " " " " " " " " "	3:41 p. m.
" " south " " " " " " " "	4:26 p. m.
" " north " " " " " " " "	7:03 p. m.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

South San Francisco

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

June 15, 1915.

DAY SCORE OUTGO

NORTHBOUND TRAINS LEAVE

6:08 a. m.	(Except Sunday)
7:01 a. m.	(Except Sunday)
7:16 a. m.	(Except Sunday)
7:42 a. m.	(Except Sunday)
8:03 a. m.	(Except Sunday)
8:44 a. m.	(Except Sunday)
9:23 a. m.	
9:53 a. m.	
11:28 a. m.	
1:42 p. m.	
3:42 p. m.	
5:14 p. m.	
5:32 p. m.	
7:04 p. m.	
7:28 p. m.	
8:24 p. m.	
(Except Saturday and Sunday)	
11:39 p. m.	(Saturday and Sunday)

SOUTHBOUND TRAINS LEAVE

6:47 a. m.	(Except Sunday)
7:17 a. m.	(Except Sunday)
8:28 a. m.	
10:58 a. m.	
11:58 a. m.	
1:37 p. m.	
3:17 p. m.	
4:36 p. m.	
5:24 p. m.	
(Except Sunday)	
5:58 p. m.	
6:25 p. m.	(Except Sunday)
6:47 p. m.	
8:27 p. m.	
10:16 p. m.	
12:02 p. m.	
(Theatre Train)	

CITY OFFICIALS

TRUSTEES—G. W. Holston (President), F. A. Cunningham, Geo. H. Wallace, J. H. Kelley, J. C. McGovern. Clerk and Deputy Tax Collector....
.....W. J. Smith
Treasurer.....E. P. Kauffmann
Attorney.....J. W. Colehard
Engineer and Supt. of Streets.....
Recorder.....George A. Kneese
Marshal.....Wm. Reinberg
Night Watchman.....W. P. Acheson
Health Officer.....Dr. I. W. Keith
BOARD OF HEALTH—E. E. Cunningham, William Hickey, Dr. I. W. Keith, George Kneese (Secretary).
SCHOOL TRUSTEES—C. C. Conrad, E. N. Brown, J. J. Dowd.

COUNTY OFFICIALS

Judge Superior Court.....G. H. Buck
Treasurer.....P. F. Chamberlain
Tax Collector.....A. McSweeney
District Attorney.....Franklin Swart
Assessor.....C. D. Hayward
County Clerk.....Joseph H. Nash
County Recorder.....W. H. Barg
Sheriff.....M. Sheehan
Auditor.....J. J. Shields
Superintendent of Schools.....Roy Cloud
Coroner.....Dr. W. A. Brooke
Health Officer.....W. G. Beattie, M. D.

Officials—First Township

Supervisor.....James T. Casey
Justices of the Peace.....E. C. Johnson
Constables.....John F. Davis
Constables.....Jas. C. Wallace
Constables.....J. H. Parker
Postmaster.....E. E. Cunningham

The Enterprising Merchants Represented In This Paper

ADVERTISE

Because It Pays Them

COTTAGES

FOR SALE OR RENT

APPLY TO

South San Francisco Land & Improvement Co

DO YOU KNOW

That a World's Business of Rapidly Increasing Magnitude Is Centering Around San Francisco?

DO YOU KNOW that the captains of finance and industry everywhere predict for San Francisco and her environments from now on a quick development and of colossal proportions, both industrially and commercially?

Do you know that South San Francisco is the best-located and best-proven industrial city to-day within this center of great promise?

Do you know that now is the best time for making an investment in South San Francisco property?

Values will never be less and the possibilities of big increase are everywhere within her borders.

Buy and build at once, for the demand for buildings by good tenants is away beyond the supply.

Inquire at the Office of the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company for Information

W. J. MARTIN, Land Agent

Office Open Sundays, Bank Building

**NEXT TIME
YOU BAKE---**

USE

CALIFENE

It will make your friends wonder how you get that nice, rich, savory crust they somehow cannot bake. Be generous. Give them the secret. Tell them about Califene, the new shortening that makes every baking day cheerful. Be sure they remember the name Califene, made in South San Francisco and sold everywhere in California.

ASK YOUR DEALER

Manufactured from the purest vegetable oil and selected beef fat in a modern and sanitary plant under the watchful eyes of U. S. Government Inspectors.

Western Meat Company

THE ENTERPRISE

Published every Saturday by the
Enterprise Publishing Co.
E. I. Woodman, Manager.

Office, 312 Linden Avenue. Phone 126
Entered at the Postoffice at South San Francisco, Cal., as second-class matter, December 19, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One Year, in advance.....\$2.00
Six Months ".....1.00
Three Months "......50

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1916.

Take your family to church tomorrow, please God and the preacher, and displease the devil.

Printers' ink is to business what water is to the earth; as well try to raise a crop without water as to succeed in business without advertising.

House rent is a hard and heavy tax. It keeps many a worker's nose on the grindstone for life. The toiler can rid himself of this burden by saving some portion of his earnings and getting a home of his own.

We want more people and we want all the people we can get to live in this town. We want men with families on the pay rolls of our factories; but we cannot get them until we have houses to shelter them; therefore first of all, we want more dwelling houses. A dwelling house in this town is a good and safe investment.

Editors Brown and Behre of the Daly City Record and Tattler deserve especial credit for the excellent holiday number that they issued on Christmas Day. The paper is a booster for Daly City as well as the county and should receive the unanimous support of the people of that city.

LETTER LIST.

List of unclaimed letters in the postoffice at South San Francisco, December 30, 1915:

Domestic—Alevegos, Andrew; Atkinson, O. M.; Bianucci, D.; Carter, Miss Jeanette; Fowler, Dick; Gorman, E. P.; Lankford, Miss Irene; Ley, Mrs. B.; Morse, Mrs. G. H.; Pavoin, Tom-maco.

Foreign—Carmalinghi, Arthur; Cup-pini, Giovanni; Maestri, French; Bacchi, Filippo; Strahle, Charles.

E. E. Cunningham, Postmaster.

He was the slowest boy on earth, and had been sacked at three places in two weeks, so his parents had apprenticed him to a naturalist. But even he found him slow. It took him two hours to give the canaries their seed, three to stick a pin through a dead butterfly, and four to pick a convolvulus. The only point about him was that he was willing.

"And what," he asked, having spent a whole afternoon changing the gold-fishes' water, "shall I do now, sir?"

The naturalist ran his fingers through his locks. "Well, Robert," he replied at length, "I think you might now take the turtle out for a run."

Bill Smith, a country storekeeper, went to the city to buy goods. They were sent immediately and reached the country town before he did. When the boxes were delivered, Mrs. Smith, who was keeping store during her husband's absence, uttered a scream, seized a hatchet and began frantically to open the largest one.

"What's the matter, Mandy?" said one of the bystanders who had watched her in amazement.

Faie and faint, Mrs. Smith pointed to an inscription on the box. It read: "Bill inside."

One day at Little Rock, where the Defoit team was playing and exhibition, old Red Donahue, who in his day was the sharpest-tongued man in baseball, was tossing them over and letting the Little Rock batters hit at will, to the great delight of the spectators.

"Oh, Red, you're easy, easy, easy," shrieked one very wild fan who was getting on Red's nerves.

"I'm not half as easy as you are," retorted Red. "You paid 50 cents to see me do it."

ST. PAUL'S M. E. CHURCH.

On Sunday evening at St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, the pastor, Rev. Thomas A. Atkinson, will give a New Year's sermon on "The Shortness of Time, With Practical Deductions."

All are cordially invited to attend.

Sunday school, 10 a. m.
Epworth League, 6:45 p. m.
Preaching service, 7:30 p. m.
Prayer meeting Wednesday evening, 7:30 o'clock.
Junior League, Wednesday afternoon, 4 o'clock. Miss Ivy Wilkinson, superintendent.

Christmas Entertainment.

On Sunday evening, December 26th, at St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, there was a Christmas sacred concert and entertainment given by the Sunday school, with A. A. Whitten as master of ceremonies.

There was a large congregation, filling the entire building. An excellent program was greatly enjoyed by every one present, who were also impressed by the beautiful decorations.

The program was opened with a prayer by the pastor, Rev. Thomas A. Atkinson. The program closed with a short address by the pastor, who spoke on the theme of "The Meaning of Christ's Mission to the World."

All nations were struggling and feeling for a knowledge of the true God, and God, to meet this want in man, raised up the Hebrew nation through whom Christ was promised to the world. The first intimation given of the coming Saviour was couched in the laconic sentence, "The seed of woman shall bruise the serpent's head, and its seed shall bruise his heel."

This was a prophecy of the unmitigated conflict between sin and righteousness, light and darkness, and between peace and war. The appalling horrors of the European war in its destructiveness of property and human life are not the outcome of Christian philosophy and enlightenment. When Christ came the angels sang "Peace on earth, good will to men." If all nations and all men could get a vision of Christ and his mission, warfare and strife would be an impossibility. Some have said that Christianity has failed and the world is in a worse state than ever before, but this is not true to facts. In Rome, before Christ, one-fifth of the population owned the other four-fifths as slaves. Less than sixty years ago 2,000,000 human beings were in slavery in the United States. Slavery is to-day practically unknown, as is also cannibalism. There are now missionaries of the Christian faith that know the taste of human flesh. Many other indications of Christian progress were mentioned by the speaker. Now Christianity is the religion of the home, emphasizing especially the mission of the child in the midst. This glad day we celebrate is now a day of universal observation, a day of reunions, friendliness and joy.

GRACE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Friday, New Year's eve, midnight service. God's blessing was asked on the new year.

Lord's Day—Sunday school, 10 a. m. Morning prayer, 11 o'clock.

Monday—First meeting of the year of Grace Church Guild, 2 p. m. A full attendance is desired, as reports of the various committees for the current year are to be submitted.

Tuesday—Evening prayer, 7:45 o'clock.

SAN BRUNO M. E. CHURCH.

Sunday school, 10 a. m.
Preaching, 11 a. m.
Junior League, Tuesday, 3:30 p. m.
Miss Crowhall, M. E. deaconess, superintendent.

Lady—Can't you find work?
Tramp—Yessum; but every one wants a reference from my last employer.

Lady—And can't you get one?
Tramp—No, mum. Ye see, he's been dead twenty-eight years.

Miss A. Vandenbos, graduate of the Conservatory of Music in Brussels, will give music lessons on the piano and harp at Linden Hotel. Advt.

\$300 cash down, and balance \$10 per month without interest buys a modern cottage within half block of stations in San Bruno.

\$780 cash buys six fine lots in San Bruno; fine homesites.
\$2500 cash buys equity in a \$9000 business property with income, on main business street of San Bruno.

See A. H. GREEN, San Bruno, Calif.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Western Fullers Earth Company will be held at its office, Metropolitan Building, Grand and Linden avenues, South San Francisco, San Mateo county, California, Saturday, January 15, 1916, at 3 p. m., to elect directors for the ensuing year and transact such other business as may come before the meeting.

J. O. SNYDER, President,
ANDREW HYNDING, Secretary.
1-1-2t

ROYAL THEATRE

Program Week Commencing Sunday, January 2, 1916:

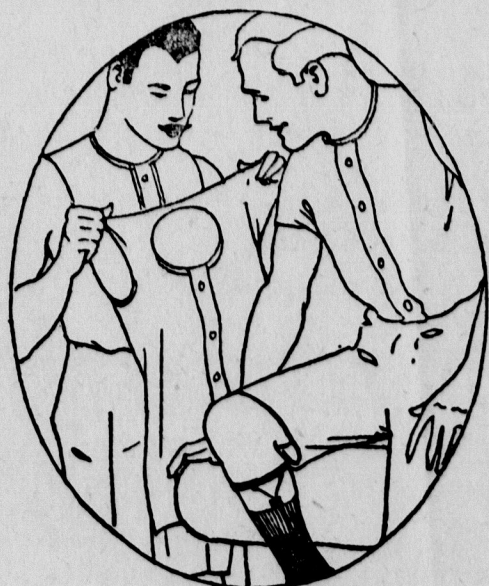
Sunday—Edward Connelly in "Marse Covington."
Monday—Charles Chaplin in "Fatal Mallet."
Tuesday—"The German Side of the War," six reels.
Wednesday—Professional tryouts.
Thursday—Marguerite Clark in "Pretty Sister of Jose."
Friday—"Neal of the Navy" and "Who Pays" series.
Saturday—W. H. Crane in "David Harum."

FOR SALE

Four-room house, electric lights, bath and gas, plastered, papered, newly painted; on paved street; lot 50x140. A bargain if sold at once. See JOHN F. MAGER Sales Agent Land Company.

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You know how important it is to have good underwear—so do we. It is our business to know that. Underwear of the kinds that fit and do not hamper the movement of the limbs. In short, the sorts that satisfy even the most particular.



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Choicest meats and poultry.

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First delivery goes east, 8 a. m.; second delivery goes west, 10 a. m.; third delivery goes north, 2 p. m. Free delivery once a day if order is in time as designated.

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HOLIDAY GIFTS.

We have holiday gifts for sale in our store of every description for men, women and children. Buy at home. Call and see them.

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LOCAL UNDERTAKERS

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FRATERNAL DIRECTORY

Francis Drake Lodge, No. 376, F. & A. M., meets at Metropolitan Hall first Friday every month for stated meetings.
W. W. McDonald, Master.
H. F. Mingleford, Secretary.

Tippencanoe Tribe, No. 111, Impd. O. R. M., meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in Metropolitan Hall. Visiting brothers welcome.
Martin Hyland, Sachem.
Daniel Hyland, Chief of Records.

South City Aerie, No. 1473, F. O. E., meets every Tuesday evening in Metropolitan Hall, 8 o'clock.
Geo. E. Kessling, Worthy President.
M. C. Ferron, Secretary.
Visiting brothers welcome.

South City Lodge, No. 832, L. O. O. M., meets in Metropolitan Hall every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers welcome.
C. J. Hyde, Dictator.
Henry Veit, Secretary.

Court Violet, No. 1453, Independent Order of Foresters, meets every Tuesday at 8 p. m. in Metropolitan Hall.
Chas. Mercks, Chief Ranger.
Aug. Ellason, Secretary.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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YOU Can Add NEW BUSINESS to Your PRESENT BUSINESS by JUDICIOUS ADVERTISING

COUNTY CLERKS WANT SPECIAL SESSION CALL

The County Clerks' Association met at the Commercial Club in San Francisco last Tuesday to discuss the confusion in the primary election laws passed by the last legislature and defeated in referendum at the special election last October.

The meeting was called by Henry A. Pfister, president of the committee and county clerk of Santa Clara county. The other members present were G. G. Halliday of Solano county, A. B. Plich of Riverside, Jos. H. Nash of San Mateo, Marshall Z. Lowell of Auburn, George Gross of Alameda, J. H. Wells of Contra Costa, W. W. Felt Jr. of Sonoma and Harry I. Zemansky, registrar of San Francisco.

They passed a resolution asking the governor to call a special session at once to "remedy the uncertainty and confusion which exists in regard to the primary election laws."

This, according to County Clerk Nash of Redwood City, is the only solution.

"In the new registration," he said, "some of the counties, such as San Francisco, Alameda and Santa Clara, are not taking party registration. Others are taking it. The question is tied up in the courts in Los Angeles. The counties are split. There is no other way to bring harmony in the laws."

City Attorney Long of San Francisco sent to the election commission an opinion, in which he approved the statement submitted by Election Commissioners Cator and McDevitt in favor of providing for party registration. Long says in effect that Cator and McDevitt, who compose the law committee of the commission, have correctly interpreted the law.

"After reading the opinion rendered to your board by your law committee," City Attorney Long says, addressing the election commission, "I find no occasion to question its soundness as applied to your responsibility."

"The law committee's opinion was designed to meet an emergency which your board will have to face on January 1, 1916."

Long adds that he personally thinks the legislature should convene in extra session to relieve the uncertainty regarding party registration.

ACTION ON WATER SYSTEM POSTPONED BY SAN BRUNO

Although San Bruno has been considering the proposition of issuing bonds for the installation of a water system which would give the municipality ample fire protection, City Attorney Mason has advised the trustees to investigate and appraise all existing water systems before proceeding to call a bond election.

The trustees agreed to follow the counsel of the attorney, but passed a resolution putting the board on record as in favor of the acquirement of a water system.

"I can not recommend any proceedings under the improvement act of 1911," said Mason, in addressing the board. "It is unfair, costly and liable to be legally defective. I feel that work installed in that way would be too costly and liable to incur blunders."

THIS COUNTY WAS REPRESENTED AT SAN FRANCISCO CELEBRATION

San Mateo county was represented at the meeting of the Commonwealth Club Tuesday afternoon in San Francisco, where the opening of the palace of fine arts at the exposition was being celebrated. Among those present at the occasion from San Mateo county were Frank L. Eksward of San Mateo, M. B. Johnson of Montara and F. A. Cunningham of this city. Mr. Eksward is secretary of the San Mateo County Development Association and Messrs. Johnson and Cunningham are members of the association's board of governors.

"Do you know you are growing handsome, hubby?"

"Yes, it's a way I have when it gets anywhere near your birthday."

COUNTY NEWS

Mrs. Jane Littlejohn, the wife of Chase Littlejohn of Redwood City, passed away on Sunday after a lingering illness. She was 55 years of age and had lived in that city many years. The funeral services were held at 12:30 o'clock on Tuesday at the chapel of the Crowe Undertaking Company. The interment was at Cypress Lawn.

Soon after January 1st, P. P. Chamberlain, the pioneer business man of Redwood City, will retire. Forty years ago Mr. Chamberlain established the store, which is well known throughout the county. For some time past he has been compelled to give all his attention to his duties as county treasurer to the neglect of his other interests, and has therefore decided to retire from mercantile life.

LOCAL REALTY TRANSFERS.

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company to South City Lot Company—Lot 6, block R, Sup. Map to and Resub. of blocks R and S of Peck's Sub. No. 1, South San Francisco.

South City Lot Company to L. K. Thorn—Lot 33, block A, Peck's Sub. 1. Bank of South San Francisco to Dominico Tognola and wife—Lot 37, block 98, South San Francisco Plat No. 2.

Louis Aujoux and wife to Bank of South San Francisco—Part Lot 1, block 98, Plat No. 2, South San Francisco.

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company to the Roman Catholic Archbishop, San Francisco—Lots 27, 28, 29, block 116, South San Francisco Plat No. 1.

Notice of Completion.

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company to San Francisco Bridge Company—Ferry slip, township 3 south, range 5 west, completed December 15, 1915.

SCENE OF FAMILY REUNION AT SHERIFF SHEEHAN'S HOME

A merry family reunion was held Christmas Day at the home of Sheriff and Mrs. Michael Sheehan in Redwood City. Among those who enjoyed their hospitality were Mr. Sheehan's brother and sister, Bart Sheehan of San Mateo and Mrs. D. O'Connor of San Francisco; Miss Agnes Sheehan and Joseph Sheehan of San Mateo and D. O'Connor.

CALIFORNIA PRODUCES NEARLY ONE-HALF BILLION

Railway statisticians estimate that California will this year produce \$479,000,000 from the soil. Fruit comes first, with a valuation of about \$90,000,000; fuel oil ranks second, with a yield of \$52,000,000; hay and forage come third. It is an interesting fact that the valuation of butter (\$20,000,000) equals that of the gold output.

DAILY CITY AWARDS LARGE PAVING CONTRACT

Last Monday night the city trustees of Daly City awarded a contract to the Ransome-Crummy Company for paving the streets in the Vista Grande district for the sum of \$131,014.36, the lowest of eight bidders. The successful bidder agrees to lay a four-inch concrete base and an asphaltic concrete top of 1½ inches for 9 cents a square foot.

The other bidders were Federal Construction Company, \$134,928.53; F. R. Ritchie, \$139,463.50; Blanchard-Brown, \$141,747.08; Western Motor and Draying Company, \$153,952.84; McGilvray Company, \$152,450.29; Clark, Henery Company, \$160,016.65; Bates, Borland & Ayer, \$166,098.08.

City Engineer George A. Kneese of this city, who is also city engineer of Daly City, estimated that the work would cost in the neighborhood of \$150,000. The lowest bid shows a saving of over \$20,000. Mr. Kneese says the bid is the lowest ever made in the state for that character of work.

WIFE OF H. O. BEATTY AWARDED FINAL DECREE OF DIVORCE

Mrs. Jessie Hooper Beatty, daughter of John A. Hooper, the Woodside capitalist, received her final decree of divorce last Tuesday in Redwood City from Henry Oscar Beatty, son of the late chief justice of the state supreme court. The divorce was granted on November 5, 1914, on the grounds of desertion and cruelty. The case did not go to trial, Beatty losing by default.

Mrs. Beatty, who is wealthy in her own right, asked for no property settlement, but Judge Buck reserved the right to make provision for the two minor children—Hildegard Ormonde and Elizabeth Love. Mrs. Beatty is awarded the custody of the children and the father is allowed to see them on request.

TRY, TRY AGAIN.

If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again;
If a husband you should need,
Try, try again;
Cupid, with his little dart,
Sure will pierce some manly heart,
If you will but do your part,
Try, try again.

What though Tom has proved untrue,
Try, try again;
Or if Dick has failed you, too,
Try, try again;
Don't think Harry was the best,
There are others you may test—
Take your pick from out the rest,
Try, try again.

You will land one in the end,
Try, try again;

Fate will send some socks to mend,
Try, try again;
If Dan Cupid still is blind,
Does not seem to love inclined,
Only keep this rhyme in mind—
Try, try again.

Young girl wishes to take care of a child and do housework. P. O. Box 432, South San Francisco, Cal. Advt.

Happy
New
Year



When You Think Of Groceries In 1916, Think of Us!

Our stock is as fresh and new as the New Year itself.

In quality it has few equals and no superiors.

Our desire is to give you prompt and courteous attention and the best groceries all through the coming year.

Try a pound of our best coffee

Our teas please the particular taste

Our butter and cheese are satisfying

J. CARMODY

Fancy Groceries and General Merchandise

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a home and plot of ground all their own if they are so inclined and are willing to make a consistent effort in that direction. No denial necessary, for we offer a purchase plan that requires no more than a fair rental would amount to—still every month brings you nearer complete ownership.

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Sickroom specialties of every needed sort can be ordered over the telephone, and we will deliver them without delay. Medical rubber goods of large variety at your disposal. Try one of the very best service. our hot water bags.

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PENINSULA DRUG CO.**

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ARE NOT
ATHLETES**

**BUT
WE DO
SWIFT WORK
ALWAYS**

**PLUMBING
REPAIRS
THAT STAY
FIXED**

AN overhauling of your lighting system, either in your home or place of business, will be found a profitable measure. If you are not getting the full value for the amount of money you are spending for light we will be able to point out the reason why and apply a remedy. That is a necessary part of our business.

Good Lights Save Your Eyes

W. L. HICKEY

Sanitary Plumbing and Gasfitting

379 Grand Ave., South San Francisco, Cal.

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MANUEL MONIE, Prop.

First-class brands of CIGARS and TOBACCOS always on hand. 222½ Grand avenue.

For Sale—Good old papers, 15 cents per hundred. Apply this office. Advt.

Expert Hair Cutting, Hot Baths, Razors Honed

—AT—

METROPOLITAN BARBER SHOP

The Solitaire

"As by lot, God wot and then you know,
"It came to pass, as most like it was."
—Hamlet: Act II, Scene II.

When it is related of Robert Jamieson, bachelor, that he was old enough at the time of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, of delightful memory, to be prevailed upon how and again to act as godfather of men who had chosen him as groomsman, a fairly accurate guess as to his present age may be ventured. Otherwise he is as old as he looks—and he doesn't look it.

For, somehow the man has contrived to preserve the spirit of youth, as he has managed to keep old friendships from withering, as he has managed to make them bloom anew. Sons and daughters of the companions of his salad days are no less friends of his than are their fathers and mothers, and this without any sacrifice of dignity or wholesomeness. His is a personality that commands confidence without a shadow of exertion in the invitation of it. Consequently there is welcome for Bob Jamieson—no contemporary dreams of calling him Robert—in a number of homes, notably in the smooth-running household of the Wetherells.

He had been John Wetherell's sole attendant at his marriage and a devoted admirer of Wetherell's wife, both before and since that event. But this last occasioned no comment, as he happens to be one of the men from whom women exact gallantry—one of the remunerative whom such exactions never ruffle. He is anything but the kick-inviting "tame cat" of the novelists who have some of the same attributes; he has other business than the business of society, is very much of a man's man—very much a friend of women; a reason, perhaps, for his having escaped marriage; one of the mysteries that John Wetherell's wife could never fathom, for all her intuitiveness and comfortable common sense.

Sometimes, as now in the shank of the evening, the probability of other guests a past probability, the winter night shut out and the warmth of intimacy suffused, Margaret Wetherell taunts Jamieson with his useless bachelorhood, the disgrace of it; a prodding in which she is seconded by her husband, waggishly informed as to the habits of bachelors, and by their daughter, Frances, so like her mother in Margaret's fair springtime, so far, as yet, removed from the matron's rich summer.

"I am all that you say, Margaret," assented Jamieson, "bachelors are useless, thankless dogs—"

"Why gnaw that bone?" cut in Wetherell. "Single cussedness has compensations. How's the 'Widow'?"

"Which widow?" inquired Jamieson, innocently.

"Venusberg!" exclaimed Wetherell, "Is there another?"

"Surely you have not forgotten old Ferguson. I am appointed his executor."

Frances entered as the silence following Jamieson's announcement fell among them, the passing solemn tribute to one whose death had left a gap. The circle of friends on the other side had widened, as it widened from year to year.

"I was thinking, Bob," said Mrs. Wetherell, earnestly, the while watching zephyrs that Frances had brought in, "I was thinking what a splendid home you would have made for some woman."

"I thought men made homes for us."

"You are absolutely mistaken. The man is the home-maker; his home reflects his character."

"Up on your hind legs, John Wetherell!" commanded Jamieson. "Up out of that easy chair and make your best bow to the woman who gives you a character."

Wetherell arose with a humorous lack of haste and proceeded to make an exaggerated obeisance to his wife. Then he marched over to the mirror and surveyed his tall, well-cared-for, if middle aged, reflection. He saluted the man in the glass with absurd gravity. "That," he said, "is recognition of character new found—immaculate."

"While you are up," suggested Mrs.

Wetherell, "you might bring in the biscuits and sherry. The tray is on the sideboard."

"House-trained!" groaned Wetherell.

He returned, bearing not only the wine and biscuits, but a humidor filled with cigars. "To be properly cured," he said, "character demands smoke."

"Man's character," responded Mrs. Wetherell. "But all of you need a woman about to air things. That's what's coming to you, Bobby; you're going to get stuffy."

"Find the woman," laughed Jamieson.

"Why don't you, Uncle Bob?" asked Frances.

"Well, you see, Frank—"

"I don't believe you ever proposed to anybody," asserted the girl.

"Now, what makes you say that, young lady?"

"Because she would have accepted you."

"Will you have me?"

"Ware, Frances! 'Ware the dog!" warned Wetherell. "He's up to his old tricks—makes love to everything in petticoats."

"Nonsense!" came Mrs. Wetherell's denial, between clicks of her knitting needles, "the women make love to him."

"What have I done to bring about this persecution?" complained Jamieson.

"You have proposed to my daughter, sir, brazenly proposed to my innocent and unsophisticated child. You whose character I know, you—"

"Reputation, Jack, reputation," pleaded Jamieson, arising to Wetherell's tone of mock indignation.

"Very well, sir, very well. Mrs. Wetherell would say that a man unmarried has no character."

"Mrs. Wetherell would say no such thing," came the lady's prompt disclaimer.

"As for your reputation," stormed Wetherell. "Your reputation—"

"You were father's best man, weren't you, Uncle Bob?" asked Frances, the unsophisticated.

"I was, my dear, I was. And now—"

"I resent the vile implication," protested Wetherell, "I repudiate it; my innocent child is not for you."

Jamieson turned to Frances, his mellow face broken by an odd, jocular sob. "It's always the way, my darling, always the way—always. What I set my heart on is not for the likes of me. Besides, the ridiculous sob quite apparent, 'I know—I know that you are another's.'"

Rosy flags unfurled in Frances' cheeks, as she sprang to her feet. "It's not announced! Who told you?" She looked accusingly at her father and mother.

"Cross my heart," dissented Wetherell.

"Who was the little bird, Bob?" asked the mother.

"My dear," said Jamieson to Frances, "do you expect an accepted lover to keep his secret? Why, the night your mother accepted that scoundrel there, I knew all about it before he got into bed."

Wetherell expostulated, "Do you mean to say—"

"I mean to say, you scalawag, that if telephones had been as common then as now, I'd have known sooner. As it was, you came to my shack without any excuse whatever."

"The last car had gone."

"There were owl cars in those days."

"And giants," scoffed Wetherell. "Imagine a man in my state of mind riding across Jefferson avenue behind a mule!"

"You should have walked, a god, your head among the stars. Maybe you did—just once. It was 2 a. m. when you broke into my place."

"I'll swear I never mentioned my engagement that night, Jamieson."

"Shucks, man! It oozed out of you like perspiration."

"Do you credit such nonsense, Margaret?" asked Wetherell.

"I received a special messenger note at the breakfast table next morning," answered Mrs. Wetherell, placidly. "I thought, of course, it came from you—something you'd forgotten to

say. It was Bob's note of congratulation."

"You people are talking about things that happened before the flood," said Frances. "It doesn't explain anything. Get back to me, if you please."

"Why, yes it does, Frank," said Jamieson, "It explains everything. Lovers are all of a kind. When a certain young godson of mine, who shall be nameless, since his engagement is not announced, came into my office last Monday—"

"Monday!" gasped Frances.

"Wasn't it Monday, Frank?"

"You know it was not."

"How stupid!" fussed Jamieson, feigning confusion. "It was Tuesday morning, at half-past 10, precisely. I remember now because I had an appointment with the dentist—"

"Did George—" pursued Frances.

"It was I had the tooth out, Frank."

She had Jamieson by the lapels of his coat, gave him an impatient shake.

"Did George Harding tell you Tuesday morning—"

"At half-past 10, precisely—"

"At half-past 10, precisely"—another shake—"that I had given him my answer?"

"He did not. He walked with me to the dentist's, which, I must say, was very good of him, that being out of his way. He did not have to lose a tooth."

"Then how—?"

"Why, George was a good deal like your father, Frank; every sound of his heels as they struck the pavement echoed 'Frances—Frances'; every button on his coat glistened like your eyes—"

"Did he mention my name?"

"Did he mention—! Good Lord, child, how could he mention anything else?"

"But he promised—"

"Of course he did. We all do. I think George thinks he kept his promise."

"Why not confess to being a good guesser, Bob—and have done with it?" said Wetherell.

"I might as well," responded Jamieson, "especially since George pumped me about your habits and temper."

"He did, did he?"

"The modern youth is astute. George is down to date. Why shouldn't I have posted him?"

"He took you to lunch Tuesday, you said," remarked Mrs. Wetherell.

"And a devilish good lunch it was," said Wetherell.

"He followed my advice"—Jamieson laughed—"I told him to feed the brute."

"Madame," exclaimed Wetherell, "will you sit there calmly and hear the sharer of your joys and sorrows called a brute?"

"Why, haven't I been feeding you for the last twenty-five years?"

"You have, woman, you have."

"Well, doesn't that sustain Bob's argument?"

"And so," said Jamieson, "I be-thought me, Frank, of an engagement gift. I rummaged about a bit and found this"—he took a small leather case from his breast pocket—"I had the ring reset at Jaccard's."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Frances, as she opened the case.

The fine diamond, pendent on its slender chain of platinum, gleamed in Margaret Wetherell's plump palm. "You should have given my girl nothing so magnificent, Bob," she said.

"How is she to live up to it?"

"You were always practical, Margaret," was Wetherell's response.

"Consider the stone an investment."

"This investment pays dividends, Uncle Bob," said Frances with enthusiasm. "Here's the first." She kissed him, and Jamieson took his pay like a gallant young buck that he is.

Wetherell examined the diamond with an appraising eye. "You had it reset," he said, "how was that?"

"I have had the stone for a good many years," answered Jamieson. "It would have been bad taste for me to give you a ring, Frank."

"Then you didn't select the diamond for me," meditated Frances.

"Why, no; my dear—I thought you understood."

"Did you buy it for her?" asked the girl, impulsively.

"Well, yes—and no. That is—she never saw it."

"Did—did she die, Uncle Bob?"

"Not a bit of it." He eyed her curiously. "Where do you get your streak of romance, Frank?"

"Did she refuse you?"

"There are questions that one does not ask, Frances," chided her mother; but the gleam in Margaret Wetherell's eyes betrayed more of curiosity than reproach.

"It was rather curious—my keeping the diamond," said Jamieson.

"He's going to tell us, mother; he's going to tell us," said Frances excitedly.

"Long story?" asked Wetherell, passing the cigars.

"Not very," answered Jamieson, accepting. . . . I knew, of course, for whom the diamond was intended when I picked it out, and I rather imagine that the declaration that was to precede the gift had been sufficiently rehearsed. In fact, I had selected the very spot where the declaration was to be made—a lovely spot."

"Stage all set," joked Wetherell.

"Something like, Jack—though other opportunities offered. . . . She often spent what has come to be called the 'week-end' with friends out in the country, whom I knew. My plan was to time her next visit—a perfectly easy thing to do—to drive out there for a Sunday afternoon call, and to prevail upon her to drive back with me to town. The drive back presented a difficulty. There were no automobiles then and girls—nice girls—did not speed about alone with men as they do now. The Sunday came; I had a spanking team, the ring in my vest pocket and not unreasonable hopes of success. It all worked like a charm. She was such an extremely nice girl that she became enthusiastic over the drive home. We started shortly after a jolly Sunday night pick-up tea. There was a moon—"

"Same old moon—"

"The white road stretched before us, as if the moon were the end of it," continued Jamieson, not heeding Wetherell's jibe. "I let the horses out. They were fresh after rest and home-headed. There's a thrill about a swift team in hand that beats any automobiling of my experience. I do not recall our talking much as we clipped along, or what 'twas about, until we turned into Forest Park at a wood-road guarded by silver poplars and birches; we spoke then of how white their trunks shone in the moonlight, how exquisitely the shadows of the leaves dappled the way. Then the trees became dense, the road as black as your hat. I had to give strict attention to my horses."

"Wasn't she scared?" asked Frances.

"No, I don't think she was. One could count upon her calmness. . . . We came out into the open near what is now known as Art Hill—there was no lonely museum there then, nor was the fair more than the dream of one or two men. We tooled along over the bridge and down into the hollow of the rose-pool. The white roses were all in bloom, a perfect circle around the pool; a fairy mist hovered low over the silver water; fireflies darted through the veil like jewels. I pulled up the team so that the full beauty of the spot might temper the words I had brought her there to hear. . . ."

"Of course, she knew what was coming," said Frances, as Jamieson paused.

"How could she?" said Mrs. Wetherell, with warmth.

"She sneezed," continued Jamieson.

"Sneezed!" cried Frances.

"Yes, my dear, she sneezed, and said: 'For heaven's sake, Bob, drive on! This is the dampest spot in the county!' I drove on."

"And was that all?" asked Frances.

"That was all."

"I think," said the girl, ardently, "I think she was just—just a beast!"

"You are entirely wrong, Frank; no finer girl ever lived."

"Well," commented Wetherell, as Jamieson rose to say good night, "that's about the flattest faint-heart tale I ever sat through."

But Margaret Wetherell, whose needles had long ceased to click, whose wool-work slipped lustrous to the floor, rose and took both his hands. What she said was:

"Thank you for the diamond, Bob—thank you!"

OLD GLORY.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light.
—Joseph Rodman Drake.

NEW STATE MOTOR VEHICLE LAW

The new state motor vehicle act, which goes into effect January 1st, contains many provisions that should help diminish the number of dangerous accidents. Here are some of the main points in the new law:

Automobiles shall carry, from half an hour after sunset to half an hour before sunrise, and at all times when fog and other conditions require, these lights: Two white lights in front, visible 500 feet, and one red light behind, visible for 500 feet, the number plate to be illuminated by a white light in the rear, so as to be visible for 50 feet.

The front lights shall be permanently dimmed so as to prevent any glare and so that the center rays shall strike the ground not to exceed 75 feet in front of the auto.

Horse-drawn vehicles must have a light on the left side visible for 200 feet; motorcycles and bicycles must have a white light in front and either a red light or red reflex mirror on the rear.

Auto drivers must prevent unusual noise, and "cut-outs" shall not be used in any incorporated city or closely built up community. Number plates must be displayed not less than 16 inches from the ground, and must be free from dirt and grease.

Warning sounds by horns, bells or whistles must be made when necessary, and not at any other times.

Speed shall not exceed 30 miles an hour at any time, or 10 miles an hour where the territory is closely built, or 15 miles an hour in the business district of an incorporated city or town, or 10 miles an hour at approachings and intersections.

Vehicles passing from the rear shall go to the left, after giving an audible signal, and shall not turn to the right until reasonably clear.

Autoists must use every reasonable precaution to prevent frightening of any horse, and shall slack speed and stop at signal from rider or driver of horse.

In case of an accident or collision, the autoist must stop and render all possible assistance to the injured, including taking to a doctor.

Automobile licenses for the year 1916 are out. This year's license will be permanent. Instead of changing the license at the end of the year, the automobile owner will remove a little metal bear screwed on to one end of the license and bearing the year, which he will exchange for the next year's bear. This license will be placed on the rear of the car. The other license, on the head of the car, will also be adorned by a bear on which will be stamped the name of the owner. The license itself is numbered in blue on white enamel.

"The Pardoning Governor."

Sam Jones, the revivalist, stumped Tennessee against Fiddlin' Bob Taylor, calling him "the pardoning governor."

"All right," said Bob, replying to him. "Call me the pardoning governor. But as for Brother Sam Jones, he has said in his pulpit many a time, and you've all heard him, that if it hadn't been for the pardoning power as exemplified by his Lord and Saviour, he'd 'a been in h—ll long ago."

"Well, that held Jones. He hadn't anything more to say against pardoning, for he sure had preached pardon and forgiveness. But the same night Bob told another story:

"An old auntie came to me," he said—this in his big, solemn voice, "and she said:

"'Marse Goveneh, I want my Sam pardon.'

"'Where is he, auntie?' I asked.

"'In the penitentiary.'

"'What for?'

"'Stealin' a ham.'

"'Did he steal it?'

"'Yes, sah, he suah did.'

"'Is he a good nigger, auntie?'

"'Lawdy, no suh! He's a pow'ful worfless niggah.'

"'Then why do you want him pardoned?'

"'Cause, you honeh, we's plum out of ham ag'n.'"

A few improved lots on Grand avenue for sale at a bargain. South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company. See John F. Mager, Sales Agent. Adv.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS TOLD IN BRIEF

Mrs. Grace James is confined to her bed with tonsillitis.

Wedding bells will soon be ringing in South San Francisco.

William Stinchcomb spent Christmas with his sister in Oakland.

M. Cohn is confined to his bed. Dr. L. J. Flanagan is attending him.

Charles Young has been having quite a siege of la grippe the past week.

William Levy and wife were here visiting Mrs. Levy's parents on Christmas Day.

W. Dukeman was called to Pueblo, Colorado, this week, as his mother is seriously ill and very low.

Fred McNutt, who was operated on at Dr. Dolley's hospital on Sunday last, is getting along nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Shively and family left on Thursday for San Diego for a week's vacation.

Cliff Lodge of Lovelock, Nevada, formerly of this city, arrived in this city on Friday for the holidays.

T. J. Mahoney took a trip to Petaluma on Saturday to spend Christmas with his son, George, and family.

Mrs. M. Robbins has purchased the west half of lot No. 28, block 118, on Baden avenue, between Maple and Spruce.

Patsy McCormick left here on Wednesday to take charge of a smokehouse for a Portland (Oregon) packing company.

Mrs. Dean is having her house moved from its location on Baden avenue, between Linden and Cypress, to upper Baden avenue.

Mrs. Mary Lithgow and her brother, Joseph Randolph, of Sutter Creek, Cal., visited Mrs. James E. Sullivan Monday and renewed an old friendship.

On last Monday, Dr. A. R. Powers found in back of Holy Cross cemetery a rim from an automobile, which had been stolen from W. H. Coffinberry recently.

G. W. Holston, who had been confined in the Southern Pacific Hospital in San Francisco for a short time, returned to his home on Friday, December 24th.

P. Murphy of Petaluma was a visitor here on Monday. Mr. Murphy is in the butcher business in Petaluma and formerly was a cattle butcher at the Western Meat Company here.

Leon De Lange, who is a cook in the United States navy, is confined in the U. S. hospital at Bremerton naval station, but is reported on the road to recovery. He had a general breakdown.

There will be a grand New Year's ball given by Societa Operaia M. S. at Palla Hall, Saturday afternoon (today), at 3 o'clock. Union music. Dancing until 11 p. m. Admission, cents 25 cents, ladies free.

Grandma Palany, who had been visiting in Antioch some time, returned to this city and spent the holiday season with D. Palany and family. She says she has enjoyed herself here immensely and is very happy.

A party of Knights of Columbus of this city had an enjoyable trip to San Mateo, New Year's eve. There were about thirty in the party, and they were taken there by one of the Peninsula Rapid Transit Company's buses.

On Thursday of last week the employees of the Western Meat Company were given a fine turkey dinner in the cafeteria at the plant, through the efforts of Superintendent J. O. Snyder. This was one of the big events of the year and was much enjoyed by all the men.

Judge Rehberg was quite peeved Friday morning. He went out to feed his chickens, but the chickens were not hungry. He wondered what was wrong, but soon discovered that his chickens were dry but could not drink on account of the water being frozen in the chicken trough. The judge then proceeded to boil some water, and the chickens have been very happy, as shown by the number of eggs the judge collected.

Died—In San Francisco, December 25, 1915, Edmond G. Gros-de-Mange, dearly beloved husband of Josie May Gros-de-Mange, devoted son of Charles and Julia Gros-de-Mange, and loving brother of Elmo P. Gros-de-Mange and Mrs. A. Schumacher, a native of New York, aged 30 years 6 months and 22 days. A member of El Dorado

Council, No. 581, National Union, and Glass Workers' Union. The funeral took place in San Francisco, Monday, December 27th, from the parlors of Suhr & Wieboldt Interment at Mount Olivet cemetery. Mr. Gros-de-Mange was the son-in-law of Frank Miner, a pioneer of this city.

She Was Sympathetic.

This is an extract from a letter written by a woman who is willing to share a good joke, even if the laugh is at her own expense:

"It was a damp, windy day—the sort of day that turns straight, straggly blonde hair like mine into a mass of strings and ends that stick out about the face and neck with frightful effect. I was downtown on a shopping expedition that was exceptionally trying, and I knew I looked so bad that I carefully avoided all chances of glances into mirrors, for I was sure I could not, under the circumstances, improve my appearance much. Recklessly I entered a tearoom with a friend whom I happened to meet.

"As I placed my shopping bag on the floor near the table at which we were to sit, another bag, exactly like my own, was put beside it. Quite naturally my glance followed the hand and arm up to the face of my neighbor, and as I met her look I said to myself, 'She has hair just like mine—sticking out in every direction—and she looks even worse than I do, poor thing!'

"Naturally, my heart went out to her in a great wave of sympathy. We smiled simultaneously as our troubled eyes met, and I said aloud and quite distinctly, 'If we are not careful we shall get our shopping bags mixed.'

"The moment the words were out of my mouth I wished very earnestly that the floor would mercifully open and let me through. It did not require the subdued snicker from the nearby tables to awaken me to the realization that I had been addressing the image of myself in the mirror of which the entire side of the shop was formed. Do you get the picture?"

He was one of the smart men who like to show their cleverness.

"See me make him look small," he said as the beggar approached. Then he listened solemnly to the tale of hard luck.

"That's the same old story you told me last week," he said, when the vagrant had finished.

"Is it?" was the reply. "Praps I did, praps I did," he admitted, "but I had quite forgotten meeting you for the moment. I was doing seven days last week, and there was such a lot of us, you see."

A New England woman was visiting her cousin in the south when they both had occasion to use a little branch railway.

The lady from Yankeeland protested against the high rates. "It seems to me," said she, "that 5 cents a mile is extortion."

"It is a good lot of money," said the southerner, "if you think of it by the mile. But just consider how cheap it is by the hour—only about 35 cents. Can you ride any longer than that for 35 cents up north?"

First Stranger (on railway train)—So you are selling Professor Blank's new book, are you? Strange coincidence. I am Professor Blank.

Second Stranger—That so? Then you wrote the very book I am agent for?

"Yes. The hardest work I ever did was writing that book."

"Well, well! That's strange. The hardest work I ever did was trying to sell it."

Wife (at 1 a. m., angrily)—Don't try any evasion with me, sir. Where have you been?

Hub—My dear, what's use? If I ansh'er your ques'n, you'll ques'h'n my ansh'er."

"Miss Wombat is not a girl who wants to talk all the time. She is willing to listen."

"Yes; somebody once told her that she had beautiful ears."

FRESH AIR FOR POULTRY.

Thorough Ventilation of Houses Desirable, Both Day Night, Even in the Coldest Weather.

There has been in recent years a marked tendency in poultry-house construction toward securing more fresh air, both day and night, by replacing the glass windows with cloth or muslin or by making the front either of muslin or entirely open. Tight houses with double walls are almost relics of the past, even in the most northern parts of the United States. Fresh air is one of the prime essentials in poultry houses, and warmth secured by keeping the house shut up tightly is not as desirable as lower temperature and some ventilation. A house which gives satisfaction in Maine will also give good results in Texas or California, but it is preferable to build more open and consequently less expensive houses in the south than in the north.

The back and sides of the poultry house should be absolutely tight in order to prevent drafts which may cause colds in the flock. This leaves only the front of the house of muslin construction or entirely open. An opening which can be closed by a shutter may be used to advantage in the rear wall of a poultry house in the south, or in growing houses in all parts of the country, but this should be constructed so that there will be no draft in cold weather. The front of the house should be so high that the windows or openings will allow the sun to shine well back into the interior during the winter. Burlap, unbleached muslin or light-weight duck cloth may be used for curtains in the front. This cloth should be thin enough to allow a slow circulation of air without a draft. This is impossible if too heavy a grade of duck cloth is used or if the cloth is oiled or painted.

For southern conditions houses with the fronts entirely open are well adapted, and this type is used with success in all sections of the United States. They require less attention than houses where the ventilation is controlled by the use of curtains or windows, but in the northern half of the United States the majority of poultry keepers prefer to have part or all of the front of their poultry houses under control in order to keep the snow, rain and wind from beating into the house and to protect the poultry during the colder weather. If the curtain is not attended to, however, curtain-front houses may be less satisfactory than the open-front type even in northern latitudes.

A large amount of glass in the front of the house makes it warm during the day, but cold at night, as glass radiates heat very rapidly. Some glass, however, is helpful in providing light when the curtains are closed. Some ventilation should be given in a poultry house even on the coldest night. It is usually best secured by leaving a small window open or having muslin curtains in the front of the house. If the house is shut up tightly without any muslin curtains in the front there is a tendency for moisture to collect in the house and condense on the rafters and other woodwork on frosty mornings. It is not necessary to close the muslin curtains in front of the house except in very cold or stormy weather. Hens are protected by nature with warm feathers and a high body temperature so that they are better able to withstand dry, cold air than warmer air which is damp.—U. S. Dept. Agriculture Weekly News Letter.

Mrs. Atkins, dissatisfied with the number of times one man came to see her cook spoke to her about it. "When I engaged you, Martha," she said, "you told me you had no man friends. Now whenever I come into the kitchen I find the same man here."

"Bress you, ma'am," smiled Martha, "dat niggah ain't no fren' ob mine."

"No friend? Then who is he?"

"He's my husband."

An old-time bluejacket was charged with extracting food from a lazarette outside of meal hours.

The captain, upon questioning the man, seemed unable at first to glean any information. After a few moments of thoughtful silence on the man's part, however, he replied:

"Captain, I ain't took no food

outer there. Why, captain," he continued, convincingly, "thar weren't no food in it. I looked in, and, captain, I met a cockroach coming outer it with tears in his eyes."

Theatrical Manager—Hi, there! What are you doing with that pistol? Discouraged Lover—Going to kill myself.

Theatrical Manager—Hold on a minute. If you're bound to do it, won't you be good enough to leave a note saying you did it for love of Miss Starr, our leading lady? It's a dull season, and every little helps.

"Young man," said the magistrate severely, "the assault you have committed on your poor wife was most brutal. Do you know of any reason why I should not send you to prison?"

"I beg you to, your honor," replied the prisoner at the bar, hopefully, "it will break up our honeymoon."

"Howard," said the Sunday school teacher, "which would you rather have hurt, your finger or your feelings?"

"My finger," answered Howard.

"Why?" queried the teacher.

"'Ca'use it would be easier to tie a rag around than my feelings."

"Don't complain when the children around you make a little noise," said the man with a kind heart. "Remember you were once a little boy."

"I'm not forgetting it," replied the man with a perpetual frown. "I was

one of those little boys who are always compelled to sit around dressed up and watch the other boys having a good time."

"I see when a man runs for office he has to put himself in the hands of his friends."

"Yes, my dear."

"If a woman ran would she have to put herself in the hands of her women friends?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, I don't imagine many women will run. Think of taking such chances!"

According to the daily papers, the wife of a certain governor was telling a servant about her husband.

"My husband, Bridget," she said, proudly, "is at the head of the state militia."

"Oi t'ought as much, ma'am," said Bridget cheerfully. "Ain't he got the foine, malicious look?"

Hortense—I can only be a sister to you, Alphonse.

Alphonse—Then give me back my presents.

Hortense—Why, Alphonse! Who ever heard of a sister doing such a foolish thing as that?—Judge.

"You were not at the theatre yesterday when the first representation of your new piece took place."

"I was kept away by an important engagement."

"Indeed (kindly). Well, you didn't miss anything."



FIRST IN SAFETY

"Sunset Route"

Along the Mission Trail and through the Dixieland of Song and Story.

"Ogden Route"

Across the Sierras and over the Great Salt Lake Cut-off.

"Shasta Route"

Skirting majestic Mount Shasta and crossing the Sierras.

"El Paso Route"

The Golden State Route through the Southwest.

Best Dining Car in America

Oil Burning Engines—No Cinders, No Smudge, No Annoying Smoke

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